



CONSOLATION.

Wife of his bosom (to Daubigny, whose masterpiece, "The Calais-Douves failing to enter Dover Harbour," has also failed to enter the Royal Academy). "NEVER MIND, GEORGE, I'M SURE THERE IS REALLY GOOD WORK IN IT, FOR I DISTINCTLY HEARD THAT CRITIC FRIEND OF YOURS SAY, WHEN HE WAS HERE ON SHOW SUNDAY—AND YOU KNOW HE NEVER PRAISES ANYTHING UNDULY—I DISTINCTLY HEARD HIM SAY THE PICTURE POSITIVELY MADE HIM FEEL QUITE ILL."

A CAFÉ IN PICCADILLY.

(Why Not?)

SINCE the Agreement with France was signed, the London climate itself seems on many days to have acquired a Gallic gaiety. The smoke still poured from a million chimneys, the smuts still descended on five million faces, but nevertheless those sunny April days, showing the freshly-painted white houses clear-cut against a sky that was almost blue, tempted us to sit outside a café in the sunshine, and watch the passers-by while we smoked at ease. The temptation was easily resisted, for that café was but a dream. However fine the weather may be, one can sit nowhere in London streets, except with tramps on a public seat, or with flower-girls on the base of the Shaftesbury Memorial.

People say the climate of London makes sitting out of doors impossible. It is quite possible in the Park, and very agreeable and cheerful at certain hours in the daytime, if the weather is warm and still and rainless. But one

can sit outside a *café* in the evening, and in weather much less warm and settled, because one is sheltered by the buildings and probably by an awning. People used to sit out in the charming garden behind the Albert Hall, at the time of the Fisheries and other Exhibitions, until that garden, which the richest city in the world could not afford to preserve, vanished for ever. Even now some adventurous explorers get as far as the Wild South-West, and discover a sort of open-air resort, sandwiched between railway lines and coal yards. The climate of London in summer is not so very much worse than that of Paris, though the sky is less clear. The temperature of the two cities is much the same. London has no monopoly of rain, or Paris of sunshine. Last summer a gondola in the Rue de Rivoli would have excited no surprise, and any May one can meet in the Avenue de l'Opéra a North wind that would be a credit to Cromer.

People also say that we ought to sit out in the Embankment Gardens, if we

want to imitate the French. But nobody in Paris sits upon the *quais*, charming as they are. At least there is no *café* of any size between the Louvre and the Trocadéro. The Parisian prefers the cheerful streets, and if we tried to imitate his *café* it should be in Piccadilly.

It might be on the site of St. James's Hall, or among the shops near Half Moon Street, facing the Green Park. It is true that in neither of those positions could there be chairs actually in the open air. But the seats could be inside as they are in Vienna, or Berlin, or Brussels, and through the windows, wide open or entirely removed in warm weather, one could see the movement in the street. There is, however, one ideal position. If there were a *café* on the ground floor of the new Ritz Hotel, with a *terrace* overlooking Piccadilly and the Green Park—by that time perhaps more green than now, and no longer half black with recumbent and filthy tramps—the Londoner, other than the tramp, could try at home what he appreciates so much abroad.

STORM IN A TEACUP.

UNDER a hide profoundly elephantine,
To Nature's touches practically dead,
He hid a heart inhuman, adamant,
Who lightly thought to tax the people's bread;
But he, I hold, possessed a constitution
Tougher by one incredible degree,
Who faced a country ripe for revolution
And put an extra tuppence on its tea.

What made him choose a course so rash, so risky?
Why pinch a people in its tenderest place?
Was it the falling-off in wine and whisky
That asked revenge in kind to meet the case?
Are we conjecturally right in stating
That he has penalised that sacred cup,—
The sort that cheers without inebriating,—
Merely to make the liquid difference up?

To him, I dare surmise, it little mattered,
So he could once restore the year's decrease,
Whether or not that tuppence rudely shattered
The dearest prop of our domestic peace;
That charm that in the mansions of the mighty
Makes bearable the women's gossip-hour;
The same that in the humbler form of "high-tea"
Draws home the clerk to his suburban bower.

I would some friend, some Treasury Achaes
Had warned him not to put our tempers out
By carelessly upsetting those Penates
Who find their focus in the tea-pot's spout;
Had bid him mark that best of Britain's mottos,
Which, like her flag (to every wind unfurled),
Elicits loyal cheers and reverent "What ohs!"—
The hand that rules the kettle rocks the world!

For not by beer alone, nor yet at Eton
(The site where Waterloo was largely won),
Have we acquired the knack of being beaten
Without acknowledging when we are done;
But half our gallantry in earth- and sea-fights,
And that unrivalled gift of keeping cool,
Was learned in hand-to-mouth provincial tea-fights
Inaugurated by the Sunday School.

And what associations round it ripple,
The beverage that genii loved to gulp!
COWPER, whose Muse immortalised the tippie,
Grew nightly pensive o'er its sodden pulp;
On this, to cope with BOSWELL's deadly tedium,
The champion lexicographer relied;
WEIR drew his mellow note from just this medium,
And ANNE absorbed it freely—ere she died.

And if to-day we must forego that liquor
Which binds the nation as in bonds of blood—
Thicker than water anyhow, and thicker,
If you but leave it long enough, than mud;
When on the storied urn we used to brew in
We carve the dying record of the free,
His be the shame who wrought his country's ruin
By putting tuppence extra on her tea! O. S.

"THE visit of M. LOUBET," says a *Times* correspondent, "confirms and symbolises the French recognition of *Roma intangibile capitale d'Italia*." "What's the use of an 'intangible capital?'" asked a well-informed speculator on hearing the above. "One can't take much interest in it, or get any interest out of it."

A PLEASANT EVENING.

THIS can be insured in the company of *The Rich Mrs. Repton* at the Duke of York's Theatre. As Mr. CARTON's sweet widow is able to draw cheques to any amount, so may she draw the public. *Mrs. Repton* is a woman with a queer past, but ever ready with a splendid present. So good a character could not have a better representative than Miss COMPTON.

Mr. CHARLES ALLAN is excellent as an Anglican Bishop, also "with a past," at least so he gives the audience to infer from his uncommonly precise bearing in the presence of a lady whose morality he considers somewhat questionable. As his nephew, *Lord Charles Dorchester*, Mr. A. E. MATTHEWS "goes up" more than "one." He has a future of light-serious comedy before him, and this particular part he plays to perfection.

It is quite on the cards that Mr. CHARLES TROODE—enacting *Captain Pugsley*, an amateur conjuror—would be a good remplaceant for Mr. MATTHEWS whenever required at short notice. He has very little to do, but that little is always effective, and never obtrusive. In the hands of Mr. ERIC LEWIS the absurd character of the kind-hearted niminy-piminy *Bryce Kempshaw*, known as "*Fluffy*," is very safe. He brings out all its best points and never exaggerates its foibles.

Mr. C. M. LOWNE gives us a clever sketch of honest *Edward Lurcott*, a failure as a barrister.

The one part that might endanger the success of the play—namely, that of *Paul Rance* the Dramatist, simply because the public (a first-night audience excepted) is quite unable to sympathise with an author in agonies about the production of his new piece,—is remarkably well rendered, without the slightest exaggeration, by Mr. DION BOUCICAULT.

Capital as is Mr. DAWSON MILWARD's villain, *Fitzroy Marrack*, yet, is it necessary to make him up as such a ghastly bilious-looking rascal? How much more artistic would it have been were he shown as quite an ordinary-looking individual.

MISS DORA BARTON as *Mrs. F. Marrack* does not make this mistake: from her attractive appearance, her character might be good, bad, or indifferent: and, when it comes to business, she never loses a point. This happy couple to a certain extent resemble DICKENS's Mr. and Mrs. Merdle; while older readers may be reminded by them of Mr. and Mrs. Wracketts in ALBERT SMITH's *Pottleton Legacy*. Mr. *Wracketts* is there described as a gentleman very like a "dissipated eagle;" also "he had a very pale face," and his wife "was a very pretty woman, evidently his junior by ten or twelve years." Mr. CARTON's swindlers pretty closely resemble this latter happy couple.

MISS DORA BARTON is nice as the ingénue *Norah Lamony*, and Miss LENA HALLIDAY enlists all sympathies by her quiet rendering of *Miss Petworth*, *Mrs. Jack Repton's* secretary. The part of *Jowling*, *Mrs. Jack's* highly respectable butler, is capitably made up and played by Mr. CHARLES DALY.

The stage, at the present moment, is strong in representatives of upper and lower domestic service: and no piece just now is complete without a typical butler, footman, and house-keeper. The smart housemaid of ancient farce and comedy will have her turn again; the valet is once more getting his chance, as witness the *Vellamy* of Mr. LEWIS FIELDER.

The dialogue is epigrammatic and natural; the action, dramatic. Whether Mr. CARTON's play is strong enough for a long run must depend on "the taste and fancy" of the somewhat uncertain public.

THE *Westminster Gazette*, in reviewing the Stratford-on-Avon performances, says:—"Mr. BENSON has gone back to 5000 (*sic*) B.C. to show us that SHAKESPEARE and ÆSCHYLUS have much in common." Can the reference be to Proto-plasms?



THE WASTED WATERWAY.

FATHER THAMES (who has been waiting for his Steamboat service for over three years). "H'M! THEY TALK ABOUT 'CONGESTION OF TRAFFIC'! LORD! I WISH I HAD HALF THEIR COMPLAINT!"

THE WASTED WATERWAY



THE WASTED WATERWAY

THE WASTED WATERWAY. A STORY OF THE FUTURE. BY J. H. M. [Name illegible].

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, April 25.—
"I wants to make your flesh creep."

Thus the Fat Boy known to Mr. Pickwick, prefacing communication to his mistress of the scene in the arbour between Mr. Tupman and the spinster aunt. Nothing about the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR that suggests the Fat Boy; nothing save a certain subtle something in his manner as with dignified, yet lithe step he paced the floor this afternoon on his way to the Woolsack. Attendance small; through it ran quick apprehension that something direful about to happen. First thought suggested Dissolution. PRINCE ARTHUR might, on further reflection, be disposed to revert to ancient constitutional practice of resigning after defeat in the Division Lobby. But there had been no disasters of that kind; on the contrary, matters mightily improving in the other House. Ministerial majority more than once ran up to its old figures, even exceeded them. Moreover, if Dissolution were to the fore, it wouldn't be LORD CHANCELLOR'S business to announce it.

Could DON JOSÉ have been saying or doing something? Was the LORD CHANCELLOR bearer of a message from him? If so, would Black Rod be despatched to other House to request their attendance at its delivery, whilst in Palace Yard the Mansion House band played a bar of "God Save the King"?

That obviously absurd, including suggested action of band. Never know what we may come to; as yet this stage not reached. Anyhow, something evidently to the fore. Know it by the quiver of the LORD CHANCELLOR'S wig, the ominous rustling of his silken gown.

Having seated himself on Woolsack, LORD CHANCELLOR slowly rose. Fresh quiver of excitement passed along the benches. Noble Lords leaned forward with parted lips. Speaking rather in sorrow than in anger, LORD CHANCELLOR told his simple story. Two years ago CHARLES HENRY CHANDOS HENNIKER-MAJOR succeeded to the British barony of his ancient house. In no hurry to take his seat in the Lords. Made no move in that direction through last Session. Now occurred to him might as well keep up family custom. Advised that before presenting himself to take oath must possess himself of writ summoning him to Parliament. Looked in at Crown Office.

"Don't happen to have about you writ for Baron HENNIKER?" he enquired. "HENNIKER-MAJOR, you know. I'm called Major because I was born in January and my brother GERALD was born in December of same year. Odd thing, you know; doesn't often happen in a family.



ORSTIN, THE TAKER-IN OF SHEKELS.

Some idea, I believe, of christening me Alpha and GERALD Omega. But not carried out. Yes, you are quite right; we sit in the Lords as Baron HARTISMERE. Things altogether a little mixed. But thought I'd look in for the writ. Thank you; now it's all right, I suppose. Just drop in at the Lords, hand in the document, sign the roll, and there you are—at least, there I am."

So he was on the Tuesday following. But as it turned out he had no business there. The clerk at the Crown Office so interested in HENNIKER-MAJOR'S story—"Quite a romance of the peerage," he said to his wife when he returned home—that, looking up a file and finding a writ ready for Baron HARTISMERE he handed it over.

Accepted as matter of course by clerk at table in House of Lords; ALPHA HENNIKER-MAJOR, sixth Baron in the



JOHN OF BATTERSEA.

(After the manner of M-x B-rb-hm.)

Peerage of Ireland, second in that of the United Kingdom, duly signed the roll of Parliament and took his seat. Then dread discovery made. It waan't his writ at all! HENNIKER-MAJOR'S a haphazard family. The fifth Baron went to his grave without ever possessing himself of the writ of summons to the last Parliament of Queen VICTORIA. Long it lay at the Crown Office, till the sixth Baron, casually dropping in, dazing the clerk with entrancing autobiographical details, gets handed to him his late father's writ, and but for accidental discovery might (legislatively) have lived upon it to the end of the chapter.

As it is, the Constitution must be saved. Instant action imperative. Thus the LORD CHANCELLOR comes down in State and, setting aside all other business, moves that the writ of summons directing Lord HARTISMERE to attend be set aside. Also that the name of Lord HARTISMERE, set forth among the Lords present on Tuesday last, should be deleted, and that the signature on the test-roll be struck out.

Noble Lords held their breath expecting the LORD CHANCELLOR would conclude dread sentence with the formula, "And may the Lord have mercy on your soul!" Stopped short at that; and noble Lords, feeling unequal to strain of other business, forthwith adjourned.

Business done.—In Commons, opposition to Aliens Bill defeated by a majority of 124. In Lords, Lord HENNIKER declared to be an alien. Name struck off roll of Parliament—*pro tem.* of course.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—A dull day, my masters. Nothing to the fore more important than voting in Committee of Ways and Means a trifle of one hundred and thirty-four millions sterling. Not at any time present through discussion one hundred and thirty-four Members. One touch of humour flashed over preliminary scene.

Before House went into Committee ANSON brought in Bill amending Education Act passed t'other day. Affairs have, it seemed, reached deadlock in Principality. Town Councils hold purse-strings of Education funds. When managers of Church schools come along for their share, County Councils, representing majority of Nonconformist population, dole out in threepenny bits exactly as much as the Church schools were accustomed to receive under old régime. That seems fair enough. But, working out, it falls roughly on school managers. Education grant formerly supplemented by contributions from the Faithful. Solicited to-day to renew subscriptions, the Faithful with discordant levity reply, "You bet! We successfully brought pressure to bear upon best of all Governments to throw

charge of denominational education on the rates. Go and take it out of them."

But AP MORGAN and AP THOMAS who, as their fathers did, worship in, and out of their own pockets maintain, bleak stone-faced chapels on a thousand hills, won't stump up another penny beyond what particular Church schools formerly received from Education Department.

"They knew your needs and your just claim," says Alderman AP MORGAN, "and met them out of public funds. We, now administering those funds, allot you precisely the same amount."

"Felly," says Councillor AP THOMAS, dropping into the vernacular.

Managers of Church schools retire to secluded glen, and indulge in strange language. But it does not produce any money.

This, in brief, is the education pickle in the Principality. Government who created it by Education Act of yesterday now step in to mitigate it by amending Act. The Education Board will supply the deficit created by backwardness of former subscribers to Church schools, and will afterwards take it out of the rates.

"Coercion! coercion!" cry the Welsh Members, raging furiously.

'Twas here the flash of humour crossed the parched mind. Idea of associating Sir WILLIAM ANSON—prim, precise, slight in figure, the ideal Professor for the University founded by the Lady PSYCHE and the Lady BLANCHE, one who might well have worn their

academic silks, in hue
The lilac, with a silken hood to each,
And soned with gold—

to connect him with coercion too delightful!

"They'll be calling him Buckshot ANSON next," said SARK, recalling well-known episode in turbulent days of Chief Secretary FORSTER.

All the same, this being the line to take, LLOYD-GEORGE followed fuming, hurling round placid head of Secretary to Board of Education bolts of nicely-calculated thunder, gleams of home-made lightning. ANSON, who, as few suspect, once meekly bore the dignity of a City Alderman, instinctively shrank behind the bulwark of body of HOME SECRETARY. Managed throughout the tirade bravely to wear a smile not unworthy a Vinerian Reader in English Law.

Business done.—A good deal, of sorts.

Friday night.—NANNETTI has given notice of strange question addressed to the POSTMASTER GENERAL. He has put it down for Monday. It is to ask "if he is aware that men are frequently supervised by females in Dublin; can he say if this practice is general throughout the entire service? and, if not, will he make arrangements to have the practice discontinued?"

Lord STANLEY rather in a fix. Speaking as a married man he says the condition described in the question is not confined to Dublin. He has known cases on this side of the Channel, even in domestic establishments not unconnected with his old Department, the War Office. Why NANNETTI should have fixed upon him to deliver an opinion on the subject, urging him to make arrangements for having the practice discontinued, is entirely puzzling.

Business done.—Private Members'.

GREAT GOLFERS.

A SERIES OF APPRECIATIONS.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. G. W. Beldam.)

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Now we come to a player whom many consider to be gifted by nature with the most remarkable style in the Kingdom of Golf—an opinion in which I decidedly concur, for to see the Duke of DEVONSHIRE hitting hard with his wooden clubs is a sight for the gods. Some of the feats he has recently accomplished on the private links at Chatsworth are altogether unprecedented: on one occasion when playing a full-iron shot he cut what BEN SAYERS (no mean judge) declares to be the largest divot on record. It is said that when he is playing with the Hon. OSMOND SCOTT he is consistently out-driven, but I have never seen Lord HALSBURY drive a ball quite so far as the Chatsworth crack.

The Duke of DEVONSHIRE, as instantaneous photographs show, adopts an extraordinarily wide stance—there being fully three and a half feet between his feet—with the ball placed equidistant from the two heels, so that it is impossible to say for certain whether he plays off the right or the left leg. Another peculiarity of his is that he never fails to strike his shoulder, neck or head with the club-head at the top of his swing. The follow through is just as full of dash as the upward swing, as may be proved from the fact that the Duke has been known to strike the ground eighteen inches behind the ball, and yet succeed in striking it several yards off the tee! But his proficiency is by no means confined to his wooden clubs. With his mashie, when he is in form, the Duke can socket, dunch and flub against any amateur living, and Lord DARNLEY, better known as the Hon. Ivo BLIGH, has been heard to say that he has never seen any golfer make such a stroke to cover point.

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

If there is one player who may be said to have a distinctive style of his own, it is the ex-Colonial Secretary. To begin with, in addressing the ball he entirely dispenses with any preliminary waggle.

His somewhat slight physique affords no criterion of his driving power, which is quite remarkable. But perhaps his most striking characteristic is his daring yet successful use of that difficult yet delightful shot—the push-stroke. Generally speaking, it is only used when the ground is firm; but no matter how difficult the lie, or how delicate the ground, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN can always rely on bringing it off with a certainty which paralyses the most imperturbable opponent.

Another great service which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has rendered to the game is the revival of the spoon. Time was when the driving mashie was the popular favourite. It had dethroned the cleek, as the latter club had superseded the spoon; but the spoon is once again amongst us, and I firmly believe has come to stay. It is a club to which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, like Mr. HILTON and SANDY HEED, is peculiarly partial, but in one important particular he differs from these famous exponents of the game. They always use a short club, while he varies the length of his spoon according to the character of his partner.

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

The peculiarities of the Liberal Leader's style are pronounced and easily described. Time after time he unconsciously "faces" in an entirely different direction from that in which he intends to go, with a result to his partner that can be easily imagined. It is said, however, that of late he has been assiduously practising a forcing stroke with a captive ball in a Chinese compound, and his present style would certainly tend to confirm this rumour. In addressing his ball he favours a prolonged waggle, and leaves a good deal to be desired in regard to the follow through. He is generally considered what is termed a left-leg player, but observation of his recent methods inclines us to the supposition that he has altered slightly his attitude to the globe, with the result that he is not quite so much of a left-leg player as he was.

It appears from the account given in the *Times* of the attempt to assassinate General KUBOPATKIN, that a Cossack in attendance on the Commander-in-Chief noticed one of the two Japanese, "disguised as Chinese beggars, put his hand inside his dress, whereupon he felled him to the ground." Exceptionally sharp body-guard this. It recalls the case "down west" when a simple stranger, on putting his hand behind him, to draw out his handkerchief from his tail pocket, was immediately shot by the Arkansas gentleman of whom he was about to ask the way. Still the Cossack was right this time—if the story's true.



A TOAST.

"LONG LIFE TO YER HONOUR! MAY ASSES DANCE ON THE GRAVES OF YER INIMIES!"

RHYMES OF THE EAST.

A SOLDIER OF WEIGHT.

In the dim and distant ages, in the half-forgotten days,
Ere the East became the fashion, and an Indian tour the craze,
Lived a certain Major-General, renowned throughout the State
As an officer of standing and considerable weight.

But, though weightiness of mind is an invaluable trait,
When referred to adiposity it's all the other way;
And our hero was afflicted with an ever growing lack
Of the necessary charger, and the hygienic hack.

He had bought them by the dozen—he had tried them by
the score,—

But not one of them was equal to the burden that he bore;
They were conscious of the honour—they were sound in
wind and limb—

They could carry a cathedral, but they drew the line at *him*.

But he stuck to it, till finally his pressing needs were filled
By the mammoth of his species, a Leviathan in build,
A superb upstanding brown, of unexceptionable bone,
And phenomenally qualified to carry 20 stone.

And the General was happy; for awhile the creature showed
An unruffled acquiescence in the nature of his load;
Till without the slightest warning that superb upstanding
brown

Thought it time to make a protest, which he did by lying
down.

They appealed to him, reproached him, gave him sugar, cut
his feed,

But in vain; for almost daily that inexorable steed,
When he heard his master coming, looked insultingly around,
And with cool deliberation laid him down upon the ground.

But they fought it out, till in the end the undefeated brute
Made a humorous obeisance at the general salute!

Then his owner kicked him wildly in the stomach for his
pranks,

Said he'd stand the beast no longer, and "returned him to
the ranks."

(An interval of about three years has elapsed.)

Time has dulled our hero's anguish; time has moved our
man of weight

To an even higher office in the service of the State;
And we find him on his yearly tour, inspecting at his ease
A distinguished corps of Cavalry, the Someone's Own D.G.'s.

And our fat but famous man of war, accoutred to the nines,
Was engaged in making rude remarks, and going round the
lines,

When he suddenly beheld across an intervening space
A Leviathan of horseflesh, the Behemoth of his race.

"Colonel ROBINSON," he shouted, with enthusiastic force,
"A remarkably fine horse, Sir!" The remarkably fine horse
Gave a reminiscent shudder, looked insultingly around,
And with cool deliberation laid him down upon the ground!

DUM-DUM.

OUR MR. JABBERJEE IN THE FAR EAST.

III.

*Still in Korea—but higher up.
April 8.*

SINCE my last date of writing I have figured as a somewhat prominent fly on the wheel of international politics! This may perhaps appear almost too bombastical an assertion, even for the emissary of so potential a factor as Hon'ble *Punch*; still, like *Othello*, I have done the State some service, and they know it, so I need say no more of that—except to narrate how it all transpired.

As the fanatical admirer of my plucky little Jap cronies, I have been deeply mortified to perceive that their Korean entertainers, far from showing them their super-fatted calves, kept them at the arm's length of a cold shoulder; such boycotting tactics being due to the bad example of His Imperial Korean Majesty, who adopted the strictly neutral and ostrichian attitude of pretending to be unconscious of their nude existence!

I was anxious to intervene as the mutual friend to split their difference—but *que faire*? For the Korean EMPEROR is unhappily of such excessively sequestered and unsociable disposition that, whenever he makes the shortest promenade through the streets, the populace are strictly forbidden to witness the procession, even from their windows, and any such Peeping Tom is unceremoniously launched into the Coventry of Eternity!

And his courtiers also are compelled to turn their backs, and remain *sotto voce*, without so much as a hiccup, while his soldiers must carry small sticks in their mouths to evade all suspicion of loquacity.

Moreover, he is so sensitive to criticism that when, for some offence or other, he had ordered one of his sisters-in-law to be roasted to death in a brazen apartment, and a certain Governor had hazarded the *obiter dictum* that this was rather too ungallant behaviour towards a member of the fair sex, his Majesty not only ordered the said Governor's head to be decapitated, but that his shins were subsequently to receive twenty strokes from a *bastinado*! [Ed. COM.—We cannot permit our Correspondent to libel a most humane and amiable monarch in this way. This particular Court scandal will be found recorded in HAMEL'S "Account of a Visit to Korea"—published about two hundred years ago! Vide *Pinkerton's Voyages*, Vol. VII. Mr. J. must really be more careful as to the references he consults in future.] Under these circumstances I naturally hesitated before venturing even my tip of nose in such a Cave of Despair as the Imperial Palace!

But, most fortunately, a friendly Yang-ban, or member of the Korean Upper Ten [Ed. COM.—We are bound to admit that, on consulting an authority, we find that "Yang-ban" may be translated, "gentry"], gave me the valuable advice that if I desired an audience from the King, I must curry myself into warm favour with a certain Lady Hm, who was the light of his imperial optics.

Needless to state that I at once took measures to ascertain the length of her foot, and very soon succeeded in rendering her my friend in Court.

Lady Hm is a matronly Begum of imposing obesity, with a sallow visage, and liquid organs of vision which do not hunt in couples. She is of highly susceptible temperament, and, if I may credit the *ondits* of Korean *hoi polities*, possesses a past of a rather luridly spicy character.

The ordinary reticence of an Indo-Anglian gentleman of course suppresses me to indicate the precise sentiments with which she regarded myself.

However, some of your readers may perhaps remember a certain celebrated Indian romance, in which the hero (Mr. Bhosh)

was put out of his countenance by the too forward advances of the *Duchess of Dickinson*. The incident in question was, I happen to know, drawn more or less correctly from the Author's personal experiences. It is notoriously waste of time to nod and beck with wreathed smiles at a wilfully blind horse, and I will restrict myself to the discreet hint that such a history may possibly have once more repeated itself.

Nevertheless, I must do Lady Hm the justice that, so soon as she was convinced by the inflexible prudery of my demeanour that she was a Moth who was hopelessly out of my Star, she did not exhibit any of the vindictive felinities of coroneted European feminines, but, on the contrary, put up with my friendship on strictly Plutonic principles.

In token of same she most kindly undertook the jobbery of presenting me at the Palace as a distinguished stranger.

I shall not attempt to describe the gorgeous sumptuosities of its gilded saloons [Ed. COM.—*Why not?*] beyond affirming that the interior is truly magnificent, if perhaps in too barbaric a style for cultured Western Tottenham Court Road taste.

Stooping in order to make a conquest, I imprinted my chaste salute upon the imperial foot to the solemn accompaniment of a stroke on the gong.

Then, erecting myself to my full stature, I said, with modest self-sufficiency: "Kindly excuse this intrusion, since I am here for the strictly business purpose of patching up a very old sore."

And, perceiving that His Majesty did not tip the wink to any executioner, but seemed willing to allow me my head, I proceeded to address him through the medium of an interpreter, who, however, was of such gross incompetency as to convey my fecundity in wretchedly bald laconisms.

I said it was the thousand pities that so enlightened and progressive a Potentate, in lieu of perceiving which was the buttered side of his bread, should be so inordinately paralysed by Yellow Perils as to remain a mere mugwump. To which the Emperor responded that he was by no means in love with the Japanese, whom he regarded as so many unmitigated nuisances.

"Still," I argued, "why, O intimate connection of the Sun and Moon, why snub individuals who are engaged in n—ing Heaven and Earth to prevent the double-headed and Promethian Eagle from praying over your internal economies? Is not said Eagle at the present moment lying, like dog-in-manger, in Port Arthur, and is Hon'ble Admiral Toko, with all his abilities, a Canute that he is to command the sea without assistance?"

His Majesty rather grumpily replied that the Japanese were already overflowing their footwear, and that, having himself a many-wintered crow to pluck with them, he would not be sorry to see them denuded of some of their stuffing.

"Do not, hon'ble EMPEROR," I implored of him, "neglect such an Al opportunity to heap coals of fire on their underserving nuts! Why should such a first-class Navy as yours sit on the fence between the deep sea and a foreign devil, when it might be sent, with a magnanimous message, to your hon'ble Cousin the MIKADO, and contribute a formidable *brutum fulmen* to the bombardment of Port Arthur?"

For a while he made rather ominous apologies for the rough-and-tumble accommodation of his imperial torture-chamber, which suspended me on tenderhooks—until I had the unexpected felicity to gather that I had gained my point.

Bursting into lachrymation, he summoned thirty of his Rear-Admirals, who made their reverential entry on all fours [Ed. COM.—It seems that the actual number of Korean Admirals is twenty-three], and ordered that, unless the Navy set its sails for Port Arthur by sunset, every Admiral was to be flown as pennant from his own yard-arm.

With incredible celerity the magnificent Korean fleet [Ed. COM.—According to Mr. ANGUS HAMILTON, it consists of

one iron-built coal-lighter] was under its weight, and I think I may fairly claim that if it should prove, in very short space of time, to turn the scale in the balances of Naval Power—it is entirely owing to my agency.

After a little tittle-tattle on topics of the day, His Majesty graciously dismissed me, with the handsome present of a roll of silk and a fan, which I am sending home to my family circles. This diplomatic success (which surely adds an extra feather to the cap and bells of my revered Lord Paramount) emboldens me to put in a petition on my purely personal hook: I find that all my journalistic-rivals are equipping themselves with patent wireless telegraphic poles.

Accordingly, as it would be the beastly shame if so peerless a paper as *Punch* were to be less up-to-date than penny or half-penny periodicals, may I order myself a Marconigramophone apparatus—price, complete, yen 500 (or, say, £50), which is surely an inconsiderable drop in the inexhaustible bucket of your benevolence?

P.S.—I have had *Punch* idol put in hand by professional Korean carver and gilder. The nose is already protuberating, and (if I may say so) is the squeaking likeness!

H. B. J.

NOMINAL HUMOUR.

[One of the delegates from the Lhasa Government is called Ma.]

WHY, why don't we thrill with emotion
When Mandarins totter and fall?

Why find it so hard

Such events to regard

As of any importance at all?

If we cannot but laugh at the notion

Of people called Li and Ah Foo,

Then I venture to claim

There is more in a name

Than the amorous *Juliet* knew.

A Briton can scarce be expected

To take as a serious man

Any news he may get

From a place like Tibet

Or China or funny Japan:

There, names, one would think, are
selected

To tickle one's sense of the queer,

And you straightway expand

In a smile that is bland

When the sound of them falls on your ear.

The talk is of Chinese intentions?

At once you relapse in a grin

As you think of the wiles

Of that master of guiles

Who is known to the world as Ah Sin;

The title Mikado one mentions,

And memory bears you with joy

To the potentate who

Used to rule Tipu

On the boards of the dear old Savoy.



HE COMETH NOT, SHE SAID."

Mistress (who is going out for the day). "AND, MARY, YOU MAY INVITE A FRIEND TO COME IN TO TEA, IF YOU LIKE."

Mary. "PLEASE, 'M, I HAVEN'T GOT ANY FRIENDS. I ONLY KNOW YOUNG WOMEN!"

Our gravity falls below zero;
When we think of Tibet, it's the same,
For the papers declare
They've a Lama out there,
And that Ma is the gentleman's name.
At once we imagine a hero
On farcical lines, and we can't
Bring our mirth to an end
As we picture a blend
Of DAN LENO and, say, *Charley's Aunt*.

But sometimes, when merriment bubbles
So fast that it cannot be checked,
As I think what a joke
Are these ludicrous folk
With the comical names they affect;
A doubt will assail me that troubles

The pit of my cynical chest—
Does the West seem at least
As absurd to the East
As the East would appear to the West?

At the sound of the word MONTMORENCY
Do the Lamas explode in their
mirth?

Do they grin and agree,
As they chortle, that we
Are the funniest people on earth?
Do the Chinamen's tails in a frenzy
Of merriment wag when they hear
There are Britons who claim
Such a ludicrous name
(And are proud of it too) as DE
VERE?



OUR THEATRICALS.

The Countess. "WILL THIS CRUEL WAR NEVER END? DAY AFTER DAY I WATCH AND WAIT, STRAINING EVERY NERVE TO CATCH THE SOUND OF THE TRUMPET THAT WILL TELL ME OF MY WARRIOR'S RETURN. BUT, HARK! WHAT IS THAT I HEAR?"

[Stage direction.—"Trumpet faintly heard in distance." But we hadn't rehearsed that, and didn't explain the situation quite clearly to the local cornet-player who helped us on the night.]

ALIEN IMMIGRANTS.

[*"Oysters are being shipped from Bordeaux by the million to stock the beds at Almsdale-on-Sea, between Southport and Formby, where the beach is stated to be entirely unpolluted."*—*Daily Paper.*]

I'm British to the core, but none can say
I'm narrow-minded as regards my
eating—

I feed, although I state it, in a way
That takes some beating.

No edible that's known can vex my eyes
Except the thing all honest gourmets
curse—a

Seductive alien food in English guise,
Or *vice versa*.

British or foreign, well or underdone,
No pale dyspeptic qualms have I to
smother;

"All's fish"—so it be definitely one
Thing or the other.

Yet here my gastronomic sense is shocked
By just these very blatant masque-
raders—

Our English oyster-beds are being
stocked
With French invaders!

For, were I asked to state the thing above
All else that fills my soul with satis-
faction,

I'd name the home-bred bivalve—this I
love
Most to distraction.

So now in sheer despair I grind my
teeth;

No more, as supper nears, my mouth
grows moister;

Why can't I have, upon my native heath,
My native oyster?

"FIRST-RATE INVESTMENT."—The Prince
of WALES formally invested the King of
WÜRTTEMBERG—with the Order of the
Garter.

MOTTO FOR MUSIC-HALL PROPRIETORS.—
Sketch as sketch can.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

[According to the *Daily Mail*, Lord SUFFOLK, who, "during his sojourn with Lord CURZON in India, worked hard at amateur theatricals," has organised a company of seventy amateurs for the performance of *A Country Girl* at Charlton Park.]

We understand that the young Duke of HOLYHEAD, who, while *aide-de-camp* to Lord CROMER, distinguished himself for his devotion to ping-pong, has organised a crusade for the revival of that neglected pastime in the Potteries.

Lord BOOTERSTOWN, celebrated while secretary to Lord MILNER for his agility as a step-dancer, has recently started a Cake-walk Academy at Banbury.

Lord ALGY FITZBOODLE, who won the Bumblepuppy championship at Constantinople when *attaché* at the British Embassy, has now renounced diplomacy for Bridge, and has been adopted as a Progressive candidate for the Borough Council of Pontefract.



THE ECLIPSE OF VENUS.

MADAME VENUS. "OH, GOOD EVENING! I WISH YOU COULD DO SOMETHING FOR A YOUNG FRIEND OF MINE, SUCH A NICE BOY——"

GENERAL MARS (*pulling himself together*). "SORRY! BUT I MUST REFER YOU TO THE LATEST ARMY ORDER."

[*"No officer is to seek an interview at the War Office without the written consent of the General of his district. When an interview is asked for by another person on behalf of an officer it will be considered, unless there are grounds to show otherwise, that the application is instigated by the officer concerned."*—*Latest Army Order.*]

CHARIVARIA.

ARTISTS are asking angrily who is responsible for the removal of the scaffolding which has for so long concealed the Albert Memorial.

"Mme. SARAH BERNHARDT is not likely to appear at the Adelphi this season owing to the success of *The Earl and the Girl*." Yet there are some who profess to think lightly of the taste of our theatre-going public.

One of our leading newspapers, which published a strong article on the subject of a certain detective agency, carelessly printed an advertisement of the same firm in the same number. It is doubtful which will prove the greater *réclame*.

250,000 cigars perished last week in the great fire at Aldgate. It is now suggested that this was a case of suicide due to the Budget.

We hear that a mass meeting of children is being organised by Our Little Chicks' League to protest against the threatened rise in the price of cigarettes.

A remarkable case of a man changing his colour from white to black is at present engaging the attention of the medical profession, and the problem of finding employment for Englishmen in South Africa may yet be solved.

Southend has so often been chaffed for its presumption in calling itself a seaside town, that we have much pleasure in drawing attention to the fact that last week it required the services of no fewer than twelve constables to take an ozone-laden prisoner to the local police-station.

The inconvenience caused to motorists by dogs and other pedestrians who get in their way has long been a crying scandal. We are therefore not surprised to hear that a proposal has been made for the Motor Volunteer Corps to be provided with a machine-gun.

A Heidelberg Professor claims to have discovered the Missing Link among the aboriginals of North Queensland. This reminds us that devotees of golf strongly object to a column in the *Pall Mall Gazette* devoted to their doings being entitled "Gossip from the Links."

The latest *Entente* is between Russia and England. It is hoped that one between England and Russia may shortly ensue.

There is a feeling among the Chinese that the Russian custom of pulling pig-



OFFENSIVE FAMILIARITY.

Vulgar Street Boy (shouting to Master Merton, who is with his Mamma). "HALLO, TUMMY!"

tails to ascertain whether they are dealing with a real Chinaman or a Japanese spy presses rather hardly on the innocent natives.

Spring Poets have appeared in such numbers this season that one or two of the London District Councils have thoughtfully fixed wire baskets to the lamp-posts for the reception of manuscripts.

M. DE ROUGE-MONT is to ride a turtle at the Hippodrome. M. DE ROUGE-MONT, it is stated, regards the experiment in the light of a scientific exposition rather than as a diversion. Nevertheless, certain City Aldermen have let it be known that they consider this as the most disgraceful use to which a turtle could be put.

The statement that one of the many detectives who have been watching betting-men in South London was attired as a clergyman has had the effect of making the sporting fraternity very chary of doing business with gentlemen in holy orders.

"UP RIVER SEASON."—Father Thames is making himself uncommonly smart to receive visitors. His locks have been brushed up. Supplies are already being forwarded to meet the expected run on the banks. Ham sandwiches will be always ready, and Eel-pies are to be had hot and hot on the Island: thoroughly digestible and not in the least eel-pie-somous. Everyone looking forward to the L.C.C. steamers, or rather, the L.C. River steamers.

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES.

(For the assistance of visitors to the Royal Academy Exhibition, Burlington House.)

GALLERY NO. I.

3. *Portrait of Goscombe John, A.R.A.*, by ARTHUR HACKER, a Hacker-demician. Idea suggested is "Anybody looking? No? Then I'll just pocket this horn pickle-spoon. I'm not to be frightened by a bust covered up with a cloth to look like a ghost!"

8. "We two." By JOHN GRAY. Child and a Donkey. Puzzle—find the other.

9. "Only so so, thank you." Mr. RUSSELL represents pretty lady as she appeared after a severe Channel passage.

13. "Under the Red Robe" is SETMOUR KIMO, looking more like King Seymour than the First Mayor of King-sington, as he is. SOLOMON, A., by wealth of colour indicates the Mayor in possession of plenty of "the red dy."

14. *Sand and Canvas*. Perfect. Isn't it by B. W. LEADER, R.A.? To be shore it is.

20. A Model family sitting to SIGISMUND GOETZ.

21. *The worried Archbishop*. "They've tied me up with a gorgeous bell-rope, and it's quite put my sermon out of my head! Can't say much against ritualism now I'm associated with A. COPE (A)."

50. *Tit for Tat*. A Judge well hung. Executed by GLAZEBROOK.

53. "Coparisons are odorous." Gentleman in splendid robes looking up at No. 50, and congratulating himself on his own apparel as represented by W. W. OULERS, R.A.

57. "Fiat Justitia!" And here he is; is the Lord Chief, Justice done to him by A. S. COPE, A.

64. Under examination and not yet plucked. "Fowls" claimed by IDA M. BOLTON.

GAL. NO. II.

75. That the First Gal in "Gal. II." is hypnotised by fear, is transparent to everybody, as transparent as she is herself (admirably rendered by FRANK DICKER, R.A.), praying for rescue from Mr. WARWICK RETHOLDS' fierce tiger "Rajah" which (it is chained up at No. 77 for the entire season) looks as if he would come down on her at any moment.

88. *Wound up and going strong*. Children, as Mr. GEORGE WETHERS saw them, taking mechanical lambs out for a walk.

89. The story of *The Melancholy Maiden*, the *Haunted Harpsichord*, and the *Ghost's head under the keyboard*! Scene from a grim musical piece intended, so W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A., says, for "The Lyric."

91. Isn't this the very picture of the pretty little girl who, "when she was good she was very, very good," but who, in a temper, is saying "No! With these light shoes and this blue butterfly of a lopsided rosette I will not go out! I won't move! No—I won't!" And at that instant clever Mr. KENN (sly dog that he is) caught the expression and fixed it on canvas.

95 and 138. "Venice preserved" for us in oils by HENRY WOODS, R.A. To quote old song, "Here's a life in the Woods for me!"

106. *Harvey's Sauce!* or, *dear me, I thought I was Irving!* Cornered by J. J. SHANNON, A.

112. *The Lady in waiting; or, Her late husband*. "Here am I," she says, "all ready, with my new big hat and feathers! Why doesn't he come to take me out for a walk? Never mind. Mr. HUGH DE T. GLAZEBROOK shall take me." And so he did, evidently, "Fabula narratur" DE T. GLAZEBROOK.

142. *The Sea*. A very rough idea, cleverly suggested by E. G. FULLER.

141. Just the very contrast to the above is "The Nymph's Bathing-place." The Nymph objects to sea, or to being seen, so comes to a sea-cluded spot and here "in cool grot," denuded in *toto*, she puts in one toe at a time just to take the temperature. "A limner then her visage caught." But where was he in ambush? As an artist he would probably be concealed in some neighbouring brush-wood. Anyway, the nymph was an unconscious sitter to Sir E. J. POTTER, Bart., P.R.A.

164. "The Open Door." Admirable specimen of draught-manship by G. D. LESLIE, R.A.

171. Mr. VAL. C. PRIDEE, R.A., gives us one of his best. "I do applaud thy spirit, VALENTINE!" as saith the prophetic SHAKESPEARE.

177. Four charming ladies, evidently very late for a dance, have dressed hurriedly, and have quite forgotten that there had been a fall of soot! The name of the *Pa' de quatre* in the catalogue is that of the artist, JOHN DA COSTA.

188. Here Mr. WALTER HUNT shows both his calves. "Twins," he calls it. Glad they're a pair.

194. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain at his writing desk among his papers, a first-rate portrait of the eminent statesman by the eminent artist, Professor H. VON HERKOMER, R.A. This is a new edition of *Josephus*, with notes. It represents our orchid customer, with an eye-glassy stare, difficult to be successfully tackled by either painter or politician. But here the Professor has "done him in the eye."

214. *Heroism*. Lady with smashed and wounded fingers (or has she been picking and stealing strawberries?) silently suffering. Perhaps Mr. SHANNON, A., intends her for a Baroness whose heraldic sign would be similar to that of a Baronet, i.e. the sanguinary hand? A painful mystery.

220. *Joan Junior*. By JAMES SANT, R.A. Compare her with what she was as First Gal 75. Rather an old Gal then. The two together may be remembered as "The Joans of Burlington House."

267. *Gala Day*. Punch and Judy show at the Mansion House. The show is set up at the end of the Hall. Performance during dessert to amuse the guests as recorded by W. HATHERELL.

268. Mr. FARQUHARSON, A., has been wool-gathering with wonderful result.

270. Fine live mermaids, fresh caught this morning by EDWARD SLOOMER.

280. Professor HERKOMER gives us a notable example of "Two single gentlemen rolled into one," in his portrait of "The Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot." He carries a spare rod, and the little page-boy had better look out.

281. "Two Belles," by SHANNON, A. Taken red-handed. Of course they've been irresponsibly flirting, and have got some queer chaps on their hands.

314. *A Corner in Marble*, or young lady taking it coolly, as seen by C. E. PERUGINI.

331. Sporting subject by BEATRICE OFFOR. Eve before the race began, and she has nothing on!

345. *The Haunted Fiddler; or, a singing in his ears*. By BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

404. *Two Tigers preparing for Spring Time*. HERBERT DICKER.

423. Irritable gentleman, with cigar, a speaking likeness (by WILLIAM ORPEN), says, addressing somebody not in the picture, "What! smoking not permitted in the Academy! Boah! Hang me if I stand it!" And they took him at his word: so here he is, hung.

460. Two girls dance, young lady playing harp. Mr. SHIMPTON's idea of "True Harpness."

463. Girl in garden of "the allotments" looking at some very brilliant vegetables. "Hallo! who's been painting my cabbages a bright green?" "I have," says Mr. ERNEST (very earnest) WALBOURN.

470. To quote the Bard, *à propos* of a Shakespearean subject, this picture by Hon. JOHN COLLIER is one of "Collier's counted bright." The brightness represents the brilliancy of the actresses. The likenesses of Mrs. KENDAL and ELLEN TERRY as the *Merry Wives*, and of BEERBOHM TREE made up as *Falstaff*, are perfect. "Hang him, sweet COLLIER!" (we substitute our own epithet for that in the text) on the walls of the Garrick Club.

493. *Sea-birds in Stormy Weather*. A lot of Puffin' and blowin'. J. FARQUHARSON, A.

496. T. P. O'Connor, M.P. This striking likeness by BACON, A. (quite BACON, A1, not SHAKESPEARE), must be more than merely O'Connorbly mentioned. [Exit.]

524. *Regrets; or, The Bare Idea!* "Ah," says the warrior to THOMAS COWPER the artist, "I ought to have kept my helmet on."

560. *Ecce Signum*. Intended for "The King's Head." Painted by H. WEDGALL.

562. "Where the Marshes meet the Sea," and very nearly the ceiling. An example of the very highest art, as it is sky'd. The artist of this is MONTAGU CRICK, a name suggestive of what you feel in your neck when you look up at it. The teaching of the R.A. catalogue is highly moral, as it tells of "better things above."

574. SYRIL DOWIE's little unwashed old woman ought to take the cake—of soap.

682. "The Blue Pool." Not a game at billiards, but a landscape regarded with a jaundiced eye by ADRIAN STOKES, who perhaps wishes us to beware of "The Yellow Peril."

764. Familiar face in this little picture. It might be less, but it is Littler, i.e., Sir Ralph Littler, C.B., K.C. By BEATRICE OFFOR. After this "No Offor refused" by the R.A.

769. Fishing boats arrived. *Mer Transquille*, a Sea Peace. TERRICK WILLIAMS.

782. We are introduced by Mr. S. WATSON (we "follow you, Watson") to a gracious lady delighted with her pearl necklace and charmed to receive visitors, while at No. 787, just a few doors off, there is another lovely lady who is regarding the first with envy, as though saying, "Ah, she may have a pearl necklace, but I prefer my (A. P.) GARNETT."

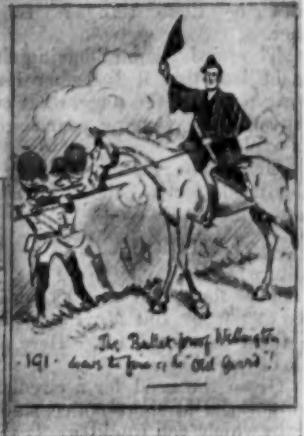
807. Lady and little boy with nets. The picture might be styled "The Transparent Boy, or Tommy without little Mary." Perhaps Mr. CHARLES SIMS means to show that they are both out catching butterflies for the diaphanous boy's supper.

834. London; the Thames as it ought to be. *A Happy Dream*, by W. L. WYLLIE, A.

840. Leopard spotted in the very act by ARTHUR WARDLE.

862. Little Red Riding without the hood. Why is this *petite cavaliere* clad all in red? "Because," answers Mr. HARRIS BROWN, "such is her habit."

We haven't done all, but we "can no more, though poor the offering be." Plenty left where these came from. So walk up, walk up, and see the show, which, on the whole, is certainly above an ordinary average.



MR. PUNCH'S TESTS.

THAT the literary profession is overcrowded is generally agreed, and it is likely to become more so unless some steps are taken to keep down the newcomers. At the request of the Committee of the Athenæum Club and the Society of Authors, *Mr. Punch* has drawn up a number of Entrance-Examination papers, from which he gives below a selection of questions. Unless these questions are satisfactorily answered the candidate must continue to be a mere barrister or schoolgirl, curate or civil servant.

DRAMATIST PAPER.

The plums of the writing profession going now to the authors of successful plays, it follows that every child would be a dramatist. Six questions from the entrance paper for playwrights are subjoined, and only on answering four of them with *éclat* will the candidate be allowed to continue at his MS. :—

1. Assumed that your play has been produced without catcalls, from which of the following conditions would you augur most success?

- (a) Sprightliness in the *Times*; disapproval in the *Telegraph*.
- (b) Sarcasm in the *Times*; rapture in the *Telegraph*.
- (c) W. A.'s confession in the *World* that he had slept.

2. Define melofarce. Give specimens of dialogue proper to (a) musical comedy, (b) comic opera, (c) melofarce, illustrating the differentia of each class.

3. Supposing that, having been commissioned to write a musical comedy, you spent eight hours over the plot and dialogue, how long should it take your six rhyming confederates to write the lyrics?

4. Do you think lyric a good word to describe these things? Suggest another.

5. The word "damn" having shown signs of late that it is losing its old drawing power on the stage, what would you substitute? Confine your selection to six expletives.

6. Give your reasons for believing in the need for a School for Actor-Managers too.

EDITOR PAPER.

Editors are supposed to be born and not made—their one point of resemblance to poets. But *Mr. Punch* would have them examined too. Here are a couple of questions :—

1. Given the need for a circulation-reviving serial at short notice, state the order in which you would apply to the following novelists :—

- Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON.
- Mr. ANDREW LORING.
- Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD.
- Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON.

Mrs. WILLIAMSON.
Mr. LE QUEUX.
Mr. HENRY JAMES.

2. Given the need for a special middle article on anything, in what order would you apply to the following ready pens?

- Mr. CHIOZZA MONEY.
- Mr. HAROLD BEGGIE.
- Mr. ANDREW LANG.
- Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON.
- Mr. HENRY NORMAN, M.P.
- Mr. BART KENNEDY.

REVIEWER PAPER.

Reviewers similarly are supposed, like Minerva, to spring into the arena fully armed, either from Oxford, Cambridge or Scotland. But here again the examiner steps in.

1. Say whether in your opinion a reviewer should learn more from his author or an author from his reviewer. Much depends on your answer.

2. Take the necessary discount off the following phrases :—

- (1) Mr. ——— may now be said to have arrived.
- (2) The book bears the mark of distinction on every page.
- (3) This edition is definitive.
- (4) A work of genius.

3. Say what is wrong in the following sentence: "Neither Mr. GLADSTONE nor Mr. CHAMBERLAIN were able to completely fool all the people all the time." What punishment would you recommend, from your high position as a critic, for the wretch so abandoned as to pen such enormities?

NOVELIST PAPER.

In spite of the overcrowded market, novelists are continually arriving, like Ostend rabbits, or leaves in Vallombrosa. There is now a new novel for every hour of the day; there will soon be one for every minute—unless, that is, the difficulty offered by these three important questions is a deterrent.

1. Give some idea of the paralysis of the art of fiction that would ensue if Bridge were forbidden by law.

2. *The Man with the Single Spat.* Devise a *scenario* for this title in the manner of (a) Sir A. CONAN DOYLE, (b) Mr. CONRAD, (c) Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT, (d) MARK RUTHERFORD.

3. ELIZABETH is said to have had her day as a heroine's name. What would you substitute?

ART CRITIC PAPER.

Here are two leading questions for would-be art critics:

1. What is your idea of the terms of the Chantry Bequest?
2. Explain in as few words as possible the necessity which seems to exist

for every member of the New English Art Club, however young and intelligent, to paint Mr. GEORGE MOORE.

MUSICAL CRITIC PAPER.

Music plays so large a part in our life that the exclusion of incompetent critics is a paramount necessity. By way of achieving that end *Mr. Punch* suggests the following test questions :—

1. Explain who were
 - (a) The Bonn Master.
 - (b) The Bayreuth Colossus.
 - (c) The unfortunate Brabantian nobleman.

2. Distinguish between JOHANN and RICHARD STRAUSS, BRAHMS and BRAHAM, CÉSAR FRANCK and CÉSAR CUI, and state the nationalities of GRIEG, ONDRICEK, SILOTI, CAMPOBELLO, BROCCOLINI, TERNINA and GIULIO PERKINS.

3. Did GLUCK write *Orphée aux Enfers*, and why do English printers almost invariably prefer the form GLUCK?

4. Account for the strange fact that the same pianist has supplied more than one firm of pianoforte manufacturers with testimonials stating that their instruments were superior to all others.

5. Who observed of an inferior performer that he played the easiest passages with the greatest difficulty?

A Questionable Habit.

IN predicting the vogue of the ride-astride skirt the *Ladies' Tailor* reminds us that these garments are occasionally seen in New York and other American towns, while in Mexico, the Plate River and the Malay Archipelago ladies all ride in this style.

It may perhaps stimulate enthusiasm for this new fashion if we further inform our fair readers that quite the best set in the Camaroons, and the smartest women in the most exclusive circles of Albert Edward Nyanza, not to mention *tout ce qu'il y a de plus chic* among the Choctaws, patronise this mode of equitation.

Finis Coronat Opus.

"I HAD been completely run down through overwork and decided to try —, with the result that in a day or two I was relieved of a peculiar nervous dread, and I attribute my present ability to work long hours and sustain prolonged mental effort to the fact that I have not yet finished . . . the first half-crown bottle."—*Adet.* in the "*British Weekly*."

THE Primate, interested as he is in any Licensing Bill, would do well to apply his proposed "time limit" very strictly to sermons. Say, ten minutes from start to finish.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

JEFFERSON Hogg's *Shelley at Oxford* (METHUEN) is not new. It first saw light in the *New Monthly Magazine* of seventy years ago. It was, later, incorporated in Hogg's *Life of Shelley*, forming the most attractive feature in the book. TRELAWNY testifies that "it paints SHELLEY exactly as I knew him." To lovers of the poet it is a precious bequest, bringing close to them the personality of the genius in his budding time. Before he took to writing deathless verse, SHELLEY dabbled in chemistry, to the alarm of his college scout, the detriment of tablecloths, carpet, and articles of furniture in his newly-furnished rooms at Oxford. More than fifty years ahead of electric telegraphy, nearly a century before telephones and motor-cars, SHELLEY, combining the gift of the seer with the grace of the poet, foresaw the future of electricity. "What a mighty instrument it would be," he wrote, "in the hands of him who knew how to wield it, in what manner to direct its omnipotent energies."



Bats at Twilight, by HELEN M. BOULTON (HEINEMANN), is a story of such absorbing interest as to hold the reader in its grip in spite of its being somewhat slowly worked out, through sordid scenes of domestic tragedy, to the end, when the deaf heroine, a touchingly simple character, sees "the joyful home-coming within reach." The author's style is nervous and incisive, and the characters are drawn in a masterly manner. The title may be somewhat misleading to those who, in their light-heartedness, expect to find in *Bats at Twilight* a sequel to *Cricket on the Hearth*, and still more so to those of a sporting turn who purchase this book in joyful anticipation of its being the first of a series whereof the sequels will be *Stumps in the Gloaming*, *Bowlers at Midnight*, and so forth.

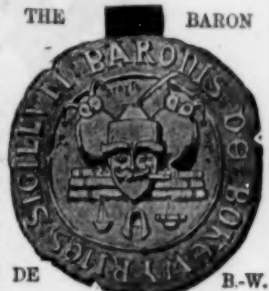
In *Greater America* (HARPER BROS.) Mr. COLQUHOUN has contributed to literature what my Baronite ventures to predict will be a standard work. Its more than four hundred pages teem with intimate knowledge of an ordinarily perplexing subject. Most of us know America, chiefly on the route between New York and Chicago. With extensive view



Mr. COLQUHOUN surveys the relations of the Republic, present and prospective, with other parts of the world. The Monroe Doctrine, as we know, works only in one direction. No foreign Power may be permitted to establish itself newly on the mighty continent dominated by the United States. But the United States may (and occasionally does) go afield, picking up the Philippines, protecting Cuba, and putting a spoke in Russia's wheel in Manchuria. Mr. COLQUHOUN, who has studied the question on the spot, gives an interesting account of America's work in Cuba and the Philippines. With respect to her latest expansion by way of the Panama Canal he has some weighty remarks. Approving it in the interests of the United States he perceives in it immense strategic value to Great Britain. It provides an alternative route to British dominions beyond the seas, at present chiefly maintained by the Mediterranean and Suez Canal, open to attack all the way from the English Channel to the Red Sea. Dealing with colossal interests of intricate and multifarious nature, the book is a model of lucid condensation, conveying fresh and valuable information on a prominent topic of the day.

A Magdalen's Husband, by VINCENT BROWN (Duckworth & Co.), is a dramatically conceived story of a somewhat unsavoury Zolaesque type; unequally, but, on the whole, powerfully written. Not infrequently the author develops a high falutiny style quite out of keeping with the tone of the narrative. To

obtain from the public, as jury, a verdict of "serve him right" on the fate of the man whom the author is scheming to sacrifice as victim to the obstinate mad vindictiveness of his "hero," is clearly a duty of the novelist's art; but to overdo the besmirching is dangerous; and, brute beast as is the murdered man, nought but the proof of temporary insanity can excite in us any sympathy whatever with a hot-headed assassin who mercilessly stabs his sleeping, unresisting victim. Artistically fine, its chief merit consists in its conscientious development of character. Strange that in what may be considered as part of the lighter relief to the tragic gloom of the drama we are suddenly reminded of a situation which has served several French comic dramatists as a leading incident in more than one of their outrageous farces; for the story of *Martin's* father, the seafaring Captain with two wives, is by no means a novelty to the Palais Royal school. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt as to the genius of the author of *A Magdalen's Husband*, nor as to the firm grip with which this grim, uncompromising story holds the reader.



M. BOUDIN IN ENGLAND.

No. IV.

"I HAVE seen your Westminster Abbey and I have seen your St. Paul's and your Thames Embankment, which is magnificent, but *triste* to split your heart, and I have seen the Bank of England and the Tower of London with the Beefeaters. Aha, I pinch you there. What do you think the Beefeaters is derive from?"

It was BOUDIN who spoke, and his manner was aggressive.

"The Beefeaters," said I, "are derived from—well, isn't it fairly obvious what they're derived from? There's nothing very mysterious about a word like that."

"Pinched, my old man, pinched," cried BOUDIN in great joy. "Now, I tell you, you think it is British at the backbone, that word; it is because that old gentleman, the *invalid* in the funny cap and the red tunic and the big knickerbockers, because he have always eaten *rosbif* or *bifteck à l'Anglaise*, because he is therefore an old *bouledogue* of the first order, that he is called Beefeater. Not a bit. It is I, JEAN JACQUES MARIE AUGUSTE BOUDIN, who tell you so."

"Come, come," I said, "moderate your transports. What is it derived from, then?"

"It is from a French word, my brave one, from a French word, and that word is *buffetier*. And so you see, old cock of the walk, when you want to have anything really British you have to get it from France. And it was from France you get your Norman kings with their noses like beaks of eagles. Ah, they have jollily arranged you, did they not?"—and thereupon he skipped about the room and sang a verse of the "*Marseillaise*" at the top of his voice.

He had got me in a tight place; for I did not know at the time that his patent derivation for Beefeater was all moonshine, and that the word is as much Anglo-Saxon as anyone can want a word to be. I was forced to let that pass, but I was not going to let him off quite scot-free.

"My dear BOUDIN," I said, "seeing that you live in a glass-house—"

"Like a peach—oh, yes, I am like a peach," said he.

"Seeing," I went on, without noticing his interruption, "that you live in a glass-house, it is not for you to throw stones."



"FLATTERING UNCTION."

Mrs. Noovoriche. "YES, MY DEARS, I GAVE A HUNDRED GUINEAS FOR THIS GOWN! PRETTY FIGURE, ISN'T IT?"

Chorus (after due inspection). "SIMPLY AWFUL!"

"Ah, you are going to throw back your stones, are you not, and break my glass-house? and the poor peach, she will die in the cold wind—is that it?"

His flippancy was maddening, but I was determined not to be put off my point, so I proceeded relentlessly:—

"Doesn't your own nation use plenty of English words? How about the *highlif* and the *struglifseur* and *le five o'clock* for instance?"

"Aha," said he, "you think I am caught à l'improviste? Not a bit. Your silly three words, 'struggle for life,' we take them and make them into one, and we give him a feminine"—he blew me a kiss with the tips of his fingers—"and that adorable feminine it is *struglifseuse*. Ah, you have not heard that? *N'importe*, you cannot know everything, my poor friend. And the five o'clock with us is a new word with a genius of its own, for we can five o'clock at four or at six o'clock. But, sapristi, I throw you back your stones. Do you not say yourself that you write under a *nom de plume*? Bah! you think you talk like a Parisian when you say him, but you do not. We know not the expression: it is not used at all. You have invent him to make your aunts and your grandmothers believe you know French—"

"Gently, BOUDIN," I broke in; "how about 'sportmans'?"

"Yes, and how about '*façon de parler*,' which I see every day in your Daily Something or other?"

"And how about 'jockey'?"

"And how about '*châssis*' and '*chauffeur*'? There, you are *flambé*; I have beat you. Surrender, my brave one; *tout est perdu fors l'honneur*. You have your honour safe still, my friend, with the Britannic *morgue*, but as for me I will sing you again '*La Marseillaise*,' for you have given me to-day the best cup of coffee you have given me yet, and, by blue, you are a good fellow, but you do not [know] your own English. So now—" and he started off with "*Allons, enfants de la patrie*."

"BOUDIN," I shouted to him, "I warn you, if you go on I must retaliate. I shall sing '*Rule Britannia*'—at least, as much of it as I can remember." And, as he didn't stop his French caterwauling, I had to begin. We sang at one another across the table for about five minutes, and I daresay we should have been singing still, if my wife hadn't come in and disturbed us.

In its review of Sir WILLIAM LEE-WARNER'S *Life of Lord Dalhousie* the *Standard* remarks:—"He was charged with having . . . sown the seeds of that discontent which, under his predecessor, yielded the harvest of mutiny and rebellion. It is one of the main objects of the book to show how little truth there was in this accusation." But surely this is good labour thrown away. The man who would believe that DALHOUSIE really left this terrible heritage to his predecessor would believe anything.